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## THE NATIONAL ERA.

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For the National Era.

## UNCLE TOM'S CABIN:

OR,

## LIFE AMONG THE LOWLY.

BY MRS. H. B. STOWE.

CHAPTER I.—In which the Reader is introduced to a Man of Humility.

Late in the afternoon of a chilly day in February, two gentlemen were sitting alone over their wine, in a well-furnished dining parlor, in the town of P—, in Kentucky. There were no servants present, and the gentlemen, with chairs closely approaching, seemed to be discussing some subject with great earnestness.

For convenience sake, we have said, hitherto, two gentlemen. One of the parties, however, when critically examined, did not seem, strictly speaking, to come under the species. He was a short, thick-set man, with coarse, commonplace features, and that swaggering air of pretension which makes a low man who is trying to elbow his way up in the world. He was much over-dressed in a gaudy vest of many colors, a blue neckerchief, bedropped gaily with yellow spots, and arranged with a flaunting tie, quite in keeping with the general air of the man. His hands, large and coarse, were plentifully bedecked with rings, and he wore a heavy gold watch-chain with a bundle of seals of portentous size and a great variety of colors attached to it—while, in the arid of conversation, he was in the habit of flourishing and gesticulating with evident satisfaction. His conversation was in free and easy defiance of Murray's grammar, and was garnished at convenient intervals with various profane expressions, which not even the desire to be graphic in our account shall induce us to transcribe.

His companion, Mr. Shelby, had the appearance of a gentleman, and the arrangements of the house and the general air of the housekeeping indicated easy and even opulent circumstances. As we before stated, the two are in the midst of an earnest conversation.

"That is the way I should arrange the matter," said Mr. Shelby.

"I can't make trade that way—I positively can't," Mr. Shelby said the other, holding up a glass of wine between his eye and the light.

"Why, the fact is, Haley, Tom is an uncommon fellow—he is certainly worth that sum anywhere—steady, honest, capable, manages my whole farm like a clock."

"You mean honest, as niggers go," said Haley, helping himself to a glass of brandy.

"No, I mean, really, Tom is a good, steady, sensible, pious fellow. He got religion at a camp-meeting four years ago, and I believe he really did get it. I trusted him since then with everything I have—money, house, horses—and let him come and go round the country, and I always found him true and square in everything."

"Some folks don't believe there is pious niggers," Shelby said Haley, with a candid flourish of his hand, "but I do. I have a fellow now, in this yard last lot to Orleans—as was as good as a meetin' now, really, to hear that critter pray; and he was quite decent and quiet like; he fetched me a good run, too, for I bought him cheap of a man that was 'bigger to sell out; no I realized six hundred on him. Yes, I consider religion a valuable thing in a nigger, when it's the genuine article, and no mistake."

"Well, Tom's got the real article, if ever a fellow had," rejoined the other. "Why, last fall, I let him go to Cincinnati alone, to do business for me, and bring home five hundred dollars. Tom, says I to him, I trust you because I think you're a Christian—I know you wouldn't cheat. Tom comes back sure enough—I knew he would. Some know in business can afford to keep—just a little, you know, to swear by, as 'twere," said the trader, jocularly; "and then, I'm ready to do anything in reason to oblige friends; but this year, you see, is a little too hard on a fellow—a little too hard?" The trader sighed contentedly, and poured out some more brandy.

"Well, then, Haley, how will you trade?" said Mr. Shelby, after an uneasy interval of silence.

"Well, haven't you a boy or gal that you could throw in with Tom?"

"Ham—none that I could well spare—to tell the truth, it's only hard necessity makes me willing to sell at all. I don't like parting with any of my hands, that's a fact."

Here the door opened, and a small quadroon boy, between four and five years of age, entered the room. There was something in his appearance remarkably beautiful and engaging. His black hair, fine as floss silk, hung in glossy curls about his round, dimpled face, while a pair of large, dark eyes, full of fire and softness, looked out from beneath the rich, long lashes, as he peered curiously into the apartment. A gay robe of scarlet and yellow plaid, carefully made and neatly fitted, got off to advantage the dark and rich style of his beauty, and a certain calmness of assurance, blended with bashfulness, showed that he had been not unused to being petted and noticed by his master.

"Halloo, Jim Crow!" said Mr. Shelby, whistling, and snapping a bunch of raisins towards him. Pick that up, now!"

The child scrambled with all his little strength after the prize, while his master laughed.

"Come here, Jim Crow," said he. The child came up, and the master patted the curly head, and chuckled him over the chin.

"Now, Jim, show this gentleman how you can dance and sing?" The boy commenced one of those wild, grotesque songs common among the negroes, in a rich, clear voice, accompanying his singing with many comic evolutions of the hands, feet, and whole body, all in perfect time to the music.

"Bravo!" said Haley, throwing him a quarter of an orange.

"Now, Jim, walk like old Uncle Cudjoe, when he has the rheumatism," said his master. Instantly the flexible limbs of the child assumed the appearance of deformity and distortion, and as his back humped up and his master's stick in his hand, he hobbled about the room, his childish face drawn into a doleful pucker, and spitting from right to left, in imitation of an old man.

Both gentlemen laughed uproariously.

"Now, Jim, show this master, 'show us how old Elder Robbins leads the psalm?" The boy drew his chubby face down to a formidable length, and

commenced tuning a psalm tune through his nose with imperturbable gravity.

"Hurrah! bravo! what a young 'un," said Haley; "that's a case, I'll promise you. Tell you what," said he, suddenly changing his tone, "I'll settle the business—'fing in that chap and I'll settle the business—I will. Come, now, if that suit doing the thing up to the right?"

At this moment the door was pushed gently open, and a young quadroon woman, apparently about twenty-five, entered the room.

There needed only a glance from the child to her, to identify her as his mother. There was the same rich, full dark eyes, with the long lashes, the same ripples of silky black hair; the brown of her complexion gave way on the cheek to a perceptible flush, which deepened as she saw the gaze of the strange man fixed upon her in bold and unadmitted admiration. Her dress was of the neatest possible fit, and set off to advantage her finely moulded shape—a delicately formed hand and a trim foot and ankle were items of appearance that did not escape the quick eye of the trader, well used to run up at a glance the points of a fine female figure.

"Well, Eliza," said her master, as she stopped and looked hesitatingly at him.

"I was looking for Harry, please sir," and the spot which he had gathered in the skirt of his robe.

"Well, take him away, then," said Mr. Shelby; and hastily she withdrew, carrying the child on her arm.

"You see, sir," said the trader, turning to him in admiration, "there's an article, now! You might make your fortune on that gal in Orleans any day. I've seen over a thousand in my day paid down for girls not a bit handsomer."

"Mr. Shelby, dryly, and seeking to turn the conversation, he uncorked a bottle of fresh wine, and asked his companion's opinion of it.

"Capital, sir—first chop!" said the trader; then, turning and slapping his hand familiarly on Shelby's shoulder, he added:

"Come, how will you trade about the gal—what shall I say for her—what'll you take?"

"Mr. Haley, she is not to be sold," said Shelby. "My wife would not part with her for her weight in gold."

"Aye, aye! women always say such things, cause they 'ant no sort of calculation. Just show 'em how many watches, and feathers, and trinkets, some weight in gold would buy, and that alters the matter."

"I tell you, Haley, this must not be spoken of; I say no, and I mean no," said Shelby, decidedly.

"Well, you'll let me have the boy, though," said the trader; "you must own I've come down pretty handsomely for him."

"What on earth can you want with the child?" said Shelby.

"Why, I've got a friend that's going into this branch of the business—wants to buy up hands. He's a rich man, and he's got a fancy for an entirely—sell for waiters, and so on, to rich 'uns that can pay for handsome 'uns. It sets off one of your great palaces—a real handsome boy to open door, wait, and tend; they fetch a good sum—and this kind of deal is a fine, comical, musical concern—'he's just the article."

"I would rather not sell him," said Mr. Shelby, thoughtfully; "the fact is, sir, I'm a humane man, and I hate to take the boy from his mother, sir."

"Oh, you do—! Yes—something of that air, sir. I understand perfectly. It is mighty unpleasant getting on with women, sometimes. I always hate these yer scorchin, scorchin times. They are mighty unpleasant, but as I'm in the business, I generally avoid 'em, sir. Now, what if you get the girl for a day, or a week, or so, then the thing's done quickly, all over before she comes home. Your wife might get her some ear-rings, or a new gown, or some such truck, to make up with 'em."

"I'm afraid not," said Shelby.

"Lor bless ye, yes. These critters ain't like white folks, you know; they gets over things, only manage right, and they'll make as good a business, I generally avoid 'em, sir. Now, what if you get the girl for a day, or a week, or so, then the thing's done quickly, all over before she comes home. Your wife might get her some ear-rings, or a new gown, or some such truck, to make up with 'em."

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would be a singing and whooping like all possessed. Every man, you know, Mr. Shelby, naturally thinks well of his own ways, and I think I shall get a good deal of business out of this white to treat 'em."

"It's a happy thing to be satisfied," said Mr. Shelby, with a slight shrug, and some perceptible feelings of a disagreeable nature.

"Well," said Haley, "they had both actually picked their nuts for a season, 'what do you say?"

"I'll think the matter over, and talk with my wife," said Shelby. "Meanwhile, Haley, if you want the matter carried in the quiet way, I speak of, you'd best not let your business in this neighborhood be known. It will get out among my boys, and it will not be a particularly quiet business, getting away any of my fellows, if they get a gradual pattern, not requiring those of my hands out, unless I've a mind to."

"Oh! certainly, by all means, mind of course. But I'll tell you, I'm in a devil of a hurry, and shall wait, as soon as possible, what I may depend on," said he, rising and putting on his overcoat.

"Well, call up this evening, between six and seven, and you shall have my answer," said Mr. Shelby, and the trader bowed himself out of the apartment.

"I'd like to have been able to kick the fellow down the steps," said he to himself, as he saw the door fairly closed, "with his impudent assurance; but he knows how much he has me at advantage. If anybody had ever said to me that I should be a trader, I should have said, 'I'm a servant of a dog, that he should do this thing?' And now I must come, for aught I see. And Eliza's child, too! I know that I shall have some fuss with her about that, and for a matter, about Tom, too. So much for being in debt! Heigho!"

The fellow sees his advantage, and means to push it. Perhaps the mildest form of the system of slavery is to be seen in the State of Kentucky. The general prevalence of agricultural pursuits of a quiet and gradual nature, not requiring those of my hands out, unless I've a mind to."

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pleasing manners, and was a general favorite in the factory. Nevertheless, as this young man was in the eye of the law not a bit, and a thing, all their superior qualities were subject to the control of a vulgar, narrow-minded, tyrannical master. This same gentleman, having heard of the fame of George's invention, took a ride over to the factory, to see what this intelligent chaffed had been about. He was received with great enthusiasm by the employer, who congratulated him on possessing so valuable a slave.

He was waited upon over the factory, shown the machinery by George, who, in high spirits, talked so fluently, held himself so erect, looked so handsome and manly, that his master began to feel an uneasy consciousness of inferiority. What business had his slave to be marching round the country, inventing machines, and holding up his head among gentlemen? He'd soon put a stop to it. He'd take him back and put him to hoeing and digging, and see if he'd step about so smart. Accordingly, the manufacturer and all hands concerned were astounded when he suddenly demanded George's wages, and announced his intention of taking him home.

"But, Mr. Harris," remonstrated the manufacturer, "isn't this rather sudden?"

"What if it is—isn't the man a slave?"

"Well, he is—he is, sir, to increase the rate of compensation."

"No object at all, sir. I don't need to hire any of my hands out, unless I've a mind to."

"But, sir, he seems peculiarly adapted to this business. I dare say he has never been much adapted to anything that I set him to, I'll be bound."

"But only think of his inventing this machine. I interposed one of the workmen, rather unlookingly."

"Oh! yes—a machine for saving work is it? He'd invent that, I'll be bound; it'd be a nigger about for any time. They are all labor-saving machines themselves, every one of 'em. No, he shall stay."

The man's good mood like one transferred at hearing his doom thus suddenly pronounced by a power that he knew was irresistible. He folded his arms, tighter pressed in his lips, but a whole volcano of bitter feelings burned in his bosom, and he breathed short, and his large dark eyes flashed like live coals, and he might have broken out into some dangerous ebullition, had not the kindly manufacturer touched him on the arm, and said, in a low voice:

"Give way, George—go with him for the present. We'll try to get you yet."

The tyrant observed the whisper, and conjectured its import, though he could not hear what was said. He was angry, but he was not in his determination to keep the power he possessed over his victim.

George was taken home, and put to the menage of the farm. He had been able to do so much for his master, and he had been so long in the factory that he had acquired a natural language that could not be repressed—indubitable signs, which showed too plainly that the man could not become a thing.

It was during the time that he had spent in the factory that he had acquired of his master his wife. During that period—being much trusted and favored by his employer—he had free liberty to come and go at discretion, and he had been so long in the factory that he had acquired a natural language that could not be repressed—indubitable signs, which showed too plainly that the man could not become a thing.

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great moral of this combination is its tendency to increase the sense of individuality, that the man may not be lost in the citizen; the individual not annihilated by merging him in the State."

May the champions of freedom keep a steady eye to the Higher Law; let them maintain their integrity, and soon will they be situated in their righteous efforts.

For the National Era.  
A REMINISCENCE.  
BY PATTY LEE.

Some four or five years ago, there came to reside in the neighborhood in which I then lived a family consisting of three persons—an old lady, a young man, and a child of some fourteen years.

The cottage they took was divided by a little strip of wood from my own home; and I well remember how rejoiced I was in first seeing the blue smoke curling up from the high red chimneys, for the house had been a long time vacant, and the prospect of having new neighbors gave me delight. Perhaps, too, I was not the less pleased that they were new neighbors. We are likely to under-estimate persons and things we have continually about us; but let separation come, and we learn what they were to us. Apropos of this—in the little wood I have spoken of I remember there was an oak tree, taller by a great deal than its fellows; and a thousand times I have felt as though its mates must be oppressed with a painful sense of degradation, and really wished the axe were laid at its root. At last, one day I heard the ringing strokes of that fatal instrument, and, on inquiry, was told that the woodman had received orders no longer to spare that tree. Eagerly I listened at first—every stroke was like the song of victory; and then the gladness subsided, and I began to marvel how the woods would look with the monarch fallen; then I thought the glory will have departed, and began to reflect upon myself as having sealed its death warrant, so that when the crash told the night was fallen, waking the sleeping echoes from the hills, I cannot tell how sad an it walked also in my heart. If I could see it standing once more, just once more! but I could not, and till this day I feel a twinge when I think of the tall oak.

But the new neighbors—some curiosity mingled with my pleasure, I confess; and so, as soon as I thought they were settled, and feeling at home, I made my toilet with unusual care for the first call.

The cottage was somewhat back from the main road, to which access was had by a narrow grassy lane, bordered on one side by a green belt of meadow land, and on the other by the grove, sloping upward and backward to a clayey hill, where, with children and children's children about them.

The rule for the first of the hamlet sleep."

A little farther on, in full view of its stunted cyresses and white headstones, was the cottage. Of burial grounds generally I have no dread, but from this particular one I was accustomed, even from a child, to turn away with something of superstitious horror. I could never forget how Laura Hastings saw a light burning there all one winter night, after the death of John Hine, a wild, roving fellow, who never did any real harm in his life to any one but himself, hastening his own death by foolish excesses. Nevertheless, his ghost had been seen more than once, sitting on the cold gray mound beneath which the soul's expression was fading and crumbling into dust—so, at least, said some of the oldest and most pious inhabitants of our village. There, too, Mary Witherings, a fair young girl who died, died, claimed against sinning, had been heard to sing and lullabies under the waning moon sometimes, and at other times had been seen sitting by her sunken grave, and hailing roses, as if for a bride, in her hair. True, I never saw any of these wonderful things; but a spot more likely to be haunted by the restless spirits of the dead could not readily be imagined. The woods, thick and full of birds along the roadside, thinned away toward the desolate ridge, where brines grew over the grave-mounds, and about and through the fallen pines, as they would, with here and there a little clearing among weeds and bushes and high matted grass, for the making of a new bed.

It was the twilight of a beautiful summer day as I walked down the grassy lane and past the lone grave to make my first call at the cottage, feeling, I scarcely knew why, strangely sad. By an old wooden bridge in the hollow between the cottage and the graveyard I remember that I sat down, and for a long time listened to the trickling of the water over the pebbles, and watching the golden patches of sunlight till they quite faded out as 'camest evening, and twilight gray, that in her sober livery all things clad."

So quietly I sat that the mole, beginning its blind work at sunset, loosened and stirred the ground beneath my feet, and the white, thick-winged moths, coming from beneath the dusty weeds, fluttered about me, and lighted in my lap, and the dull, flabby beating of the bat came almost in my face.

The first complaint of the owl sounded along the hollow and died over the next hill, warning me to proceed, when I heard, as it were the echo of my own thought, repeated in a low, melancholy voice, the conclusion of that beautiful stanza of the elegy in reference to that mooping bird. I distinctly caught the lines—

"Of such as wander near her secret bower,  
Molest her ancient solitary reign."

Looking up, I saw approaching slowly, with arms folded and eyes upon the ground, a young and seemingly exceeding handsome man. He passed without noticing me at all, and I think without seeing me. As he did not observe me, I had the better opportunity of observing him, though I would have foregone that privilege to have won one glance. He interested me, and I felt humiliated that he should pass me as though I were a stick or a stone. His face was pale and very sad, and his forehead shaded with a mass of black, heavy hair, pushed away from one temple, and falling negligently over the other.



his being to some extent educated, no one would purchase him. He was returned to St. Louis, and sold to Luke Whitcomb, a wholesale grocer at that place, who died on the 21st of last June. Whitcomb being one of the Eastern States, and having no heirs in Mo., his estate had to be settled according to the laws of the State. Thomas Rubey was appraised at \$600 dollars. According to the laws of Mo., he is subject to be sold at public auction to the highest bidder. But, through the influence of a few friends in this country and St. Louis, he has the privilege of traveling and soliciting donations to redeem himself. He has been some ten or fifteen days in this country, and has met with considerable success. He has a few months in which to make an effort to raise the money, that is, the six hundred dollars, which will secure his freedom—if he should be unsuccessful, he stands pledged to his friends to return to Mo., and submit to his fate.

Now, if as friend and acquaintance of his, appeal to Christians and the friends of liberty, whom God has blessed with the means of assisting the poor, to come forward in this man's behalf. He is in his 42d year, the prime of life, and is capable of being extensively useful, especially among his own color. Will not some friend or friends liberate the hands of this minister, and let him go and preach the gospel to his downcast brethren? Thomas Rubey will be grateful for any assistance that may be rendered him. Any money that may be sent to Dr. P. L. Lemoine, or Mr. Samuel McFarland, of Washington, Pa., or to myself, at Prosperity, Washington county, Pa., will be faithfully applied to his benefit.

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As for the literature of Virginia, Mr. Thompson remarks that, in approaching that subject, he can say with Canning's knife-grinder—

"Story! God bless you, I have none to tell."

He says that Mr. Howison, who undertook to vindicate the literary reputation of Virginia, began with the beginning, going back to the time of the early colonists, when Mr. George Sandys beguiled his leisure hours with rendering into English the metamorphoses of Ovid;—"but in the long lapse of two hundred years, he found only sufficient material to occupy a small portion of a single chapter!" In an attempt, Mr. Thompson remarks, to compile a volume of literary miscellanies in Virginia, "what a meager range of selection should we have! Should the extracts be of the ordinary length, what arts of the publisher would be called into requisition to swell it beyond the size of a duodecimo! Leaving out of the account all essays upon subjects of political or theological controversy, what has Virginia to show of literary excellence written within her borders or by her sons? A few of the historical researches there are—some of Osgiltre and Wirt—the *Illiad*, translated by William Munford—some anachronistic verse and affluous prose of the variously gifted and unfortunate Poe—a few, alas! how few, poems of the affections and home sketches of Cooke, the lamented and early lost—the sweet effusions occasionally sent forth by Jane Taylor Lomax, another child of song, the story of whose days has been shut up in an untimely grave—these, together with the contributions to our periodical literature of some whose efforts have deserved the laurel to which they never aspired—constitute the whole stock of letters that we may boast."

The exhibition made by Mr. Thompson is remarkable. That a State, settled two hundred years ago, with such resources as Virginia, with such evidences of intellectual capacity as her people have given, should at this late day be without any efficient system of public education, with a voting population, one-third of which is unable to read and write, and without any literature whatsoever, must at once compel the inference that her institutions, social or political, are radically wrong, unfavorable to the highest interests of the Commonwealth.

Mr. Howison attempts to explain this dearth of literary production by assuming that Virginians are not a reading people. Mr. Thompson, on the other hand, says it is because their "educated classes" have read so much that they have produced so little. We suppose the "educated classes" everywhere are in the habit of reading a great deal; what is the reason that everywhere they are not afflicted with the curse of intellectual barrenness? "Reading makes a full man, speaking a ready one, writing a correct one." No community can excel in literature, that is not a reading community; and the more it reads, the greater will be its capacity of production. Where there is native strength of mind, it is quickened and made fruitful by other men's thoughts. "With the rich stores of the English classics before them," says Mr. Thompson, "the Virginians have been indifferent to the work of increasing the treasures of the intellect, and have inferred their fellow-countrymen of other States to bear off the honor of the pen without a contest." Mr. Thompson is too sensible a man to hint that the educated classes of New England are not quite as familiar with the English classics as those of Virginia. Indeed, we think he would concede to the former the superiority in scholarship. But, their reading has not impaired their original genius or productive faculties. To them are we indebted for nearly all our literature that may be styled American. In philosophy, law, theology, history, and poetry, they have furnished productions of permanent value and world-wide reputation. Why have not the educated classes of Virginia done the same?

Mr. Thompson mentions one cause of this "lit-

erary dearth" among them, which is entitled to more consideration. "In it," he says, "I recognize one of the greatest evils that ever afflicted the Commonwealth—the *morbid desire of her sons for political distinction*. This unhappy influence, indeed, has paralyzed everything like useful enterprise in Virginia, for years past, sending off her sons to other States for the political prement which all cannot find at home, or making them object pensioners upon the bounty of the Federal Government."

There is truth in this, so far as it goes; but it does not go far enough. If Mr. Thompson would disclose the real cause of the ignorance of the masses in Virginia, of the want of an efficient system of public education, of the literary dearth among its educated classes, let him lay his hand upon that "institution," which a few of his countrymen regard as peculiarly favorable to the physical and intellectual greatness of the State. Before you can have a system of common schools, the people must live near enough to each other for their children to congregate in schools; and there must be sufficient interest felt for the education of the masses, to arouse the State to strong and persevering effort for that purpose. Slavery, where it prevails, prevents the existence of this system of things by scattering and segregating the population, and by producing a feeling of indifference in the larger slaveholders who govern the Commonwealth, to the elevation of those not belonging to their own order. In some slaveholders, its large pecuniary gains nurture the love of money until it becomes the absorbing passion, Mammon ruling all the heart and intellect; in others, it generates habits of indolence and disinclination to any kind of effort or excitement; generally, it so discourages the growth of cities, and separates the planters so far from each other, that mind ceases to act upon mind; there is an absence of that attraction, that magnetic sympathy, necessary to the activity of intellect, and the exercise of its creative power. It is the solitude, the stagnation, the *ennui* of plantation life, which drive so many of the enterprising young men of the South to the busy North and West, where they may find the appropriate stimulants to their faculties, and which lead the planters not engrossed by the pursuit of gain, or not paralyzed by indolence, in to the excitements of political life; and here they give evidence of talents which, had slavery not prevented the existence of the requisite conditions, might have adorned the higher walks of literature.

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If this should be the notice of any of the heirs of Luke Whitcomb, deceased, I hope they will use their influence in behalf of the slave of their deceased relation.

JAMES H. D. HENDERSON,  
Late Pastor of Concord Church.

## THE NATIONAL ERA.

WASHINGTON, JUNE 5, 1851.

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### EDUCATION AND LITERATURE IN VIRGINIA.

An address lately delivered before the Literary societies of Washington County, Lexington, Va., by John Thompson, editor of the *Southern Literary Messenger*, furnishes a record of facts concerning education and literature in Virginia, which no citizen of that State can read without deep mortification. We honor the independence of the man who would speak truths so unpalatable to the popular taste.

He brands as mere flummery, all the flaming reports made about their system of public education, which he denounces as "inherently rickety," and he assumes that there are in one hundred and seven counties of the State, (the whole number being about one hundred and twenty-one), "thirty thousand poor children over five years of age, without any means of instruction"—that is, about one-seventh of the white children of schoolable age. This number comprises only those who have no means of education. There are many others, we suppose, who do not avail themselves of the means of instruction they have.

Mr. Thompson estimates, and in his calculation he is sustained by the *Richmond (Va.) Whig*, that there are now in the State some 70,000 white adults, who can neither read nor write. Supposing one-half of these to be males, there must be about one-third of the voters of Virginia







